Then loue-deuouring death doe what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent ends,
And in their triumph dye like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is lothsomnesse in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift, arriues as tardie, as too slow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Ladie, Oh so light afoot
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That idles in the wanton Summer Ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Iu. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

Iu. As much to him, else in his thankes too much.

Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour Ayre, and let rich Musickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but Beggers that can count their worth;
But my true Loue is growne to such excesse,
I cannot summe vp some of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolion, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot dayes, is the mad bloud stirring.

Mer.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fell
ters the confines of a Tauerne, claps
table, and sayes, God send mee no nee
peration of the second cup, drawes him
indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a
any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to bee
moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two such
shortly, for one would kill the other:
quarrell with a man that hath a haire m
his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt
cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason
hasell eyes: what eye, but such an eye,
quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels, a
and yet thy head hath been beaten as ad
relling: thou hast quareld with a man
because he hath wakened thy dog that h
Sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tay
doublet before Easter: with another, fo
with old riband, and yet thou wilt tutor

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrel as th
buy the fee-simple of my life, for an hou

Mer. The fee-simple, O simple.

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio. *an*

Ben. By my head h re comes the *Cap*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tibalt. Follow me close, for I will speak
Gentlemen, Good-den, a word with one

Mer. And but one word with one of
thing, make it a word and a blow.

Ti. You shall find mee apt inough to
giue me occasion.

Mercut. Could you not take some
uing?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)